THE UPHOLSTERER;

OR,

What NEWS?

A

FARCE,

In Two ACTS.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

IN

DRURY-LANE.

——— *O Bone (nam te*
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingit, oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audiſti ——— HOR.

By the Author of the APPRENTICE.

LONDON:

Printed for P. VAILLANT, facing *Southampton-ſtreet*, in the *Strand*. MDCCLX.

Price One Shilling.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To Mr. GARRICK.

SIR,

THE UPHOLSTERER would be a *Bankrupt* even in Thanks, could he think of going abroad into the World, without making his Compliments to Mr. *Garrick*, for the Civilities he has ſhewn him. Whatever Figure the poor broken Politician might make before the Commiſſioners of Bankruptcy at *Guild-hall*, you have taken care of his Appearance before the ſelf-choſen Commiſſioners of Criticiſm, at the Theatre Royal, in *Drury-Lane*.

I am not willing to flatter myſelf that you were drawn forth, on this Occaſion, by any extraordinary Touches in the capital Figure, or in the *Accompagnements du Tableau*. I rather ſuppoſe that you approved the Juſtneſs of the Deſign, than that you were an Admirer of the Colouring.

The Deſign, Sir, was conceived and executed long ſince, becauſe the Author judged that ſomething in this way might have a ſeaſonable Tendency to allay the Intemperance of too violent a Political Spirit, or at leaſt to laugh it into good Humour: With the ſame View it was lately retouched, and given to Mr. *Moſſop*, to be preſented to the Public at his Benefit. And however Men of a ſerious Caſt may depreciate Amuſements of this nature, I ſhall never bluſh for having dedicated a few Hours to them, as I am of Opinion that ſuch-like Avocations will more profitably unbend the Mind from graver Studies, than the ſolitary Pleaſures of the Recluſe, or any of the more open Diſſipations of Life.

I am

I am aware that you will, very probably, recollect a Paſſage in a celebrated Writer *, which may ſeem to render the ſcope of this little Piece ſomewhat queſtionable. " *Dans une Nation Libre*," ſaith he, " *Il eſt tres ſouvent indiférent que les Par-* " *ticuliers Raiſonnent bien ou mal: il ſufit qu'ils Rai-* " *ſonnent: de la ſort la Liberte, qui garantit des Ef-* " *fets des ces mêmes Raiſonnements.*" But you know that the Queſtion here, is not concerning the indiſputable Right of the People to canvaſs their national Concerns; but the vicious Exceſs of a Propenſity to Politics, when it gives a wrong Bias to the Mind, and is attended with Circumſtances which create the ridiculous Abſurd. In this Light it was conſidered by Mr. *Addiſon*, who tells us in the *Tatler* §, that he deſigned his Paper " for the Benefit of thoſe Citizens, who live more " in a Coffee-houſe, than in their Shops, and " whoſe Thoughts are ſo taken up with the Af- " fairs of the Allies, that they forget their Cuſ- " tomers." For the very ſame ſpecies of People, the *Upholſterer* was brought on the Stage, being perhaps as proper an Object of Ridicule, as modern Ideas and Manners will afford.

With regard to the Execution, I ſhall not detain you any longer on that head, than to remark that to preſerve the Gravity, which is a ſpecific Quality in Mr. *Addiſon*'s fine Vein of Humour, has been my Endeavour throughout the Whole; though I am not inſenſible that grave Humour is ſometimes dangerous on the Stage. In the principal Character I conſidered myſelf rather deſcribing a *Paſſion* than a *Man*; and this you remember is mentioned by an excellent Critic ‖, to belong to the Province of Farce. For this Reaſon the UPHOLSTERER's Scenes

* *Monteſquieu.* § *Vide Number* 155 *and* 160. ‖ Mr. *Hurd.*

Scenes are ſtrongly tinctured with his predominant Foible; and as this Foible is generally fed and inflamed by a Swarm of political Writers, I judged it coincident with my Plan, to expoſe the Duplicity of their Conduct, by introducing the Character of PAMPHLET.

This Character I have had the Pleaſure of ſeeing ſet off with all the exquiſite Strokes of ſo fine a Comic Genius as Mr. GARRICK's, without being indebted for Succeſs to the Aid of perſonal Satire, having entirely levelled it againſt thoſe, who are the ready Mercenaries of all Parties; and with all ſuch I have the Happineſs not to be acquainted.

I could here enlarge in the juſt Praiſe of Mr. *Woodward*, Mr. *Yates*, and Mrs. *Clive*, *&c.* but I have already deviated too far from the Purpoſe, I ſet out with; which was not to inſcribe a Farce to you, for neither of us thinks ſo highly of theſe Matters; nor to become your Panegyriſt, for your extended Reputation does not ſtand in need of it. My Intention was to embrace a public Opportunity of ſubſcribing myſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,

Very Humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

Lincoln's Inn,
7th *April*, 1758.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. MOSSOP.

WHEN first, in falling Greece's *evil Hour,*
Ambition aim'd at univerſal Pow'r;
When the fierce Man of Macedon *began*
Of a new Monarchy to form the Plan;
Each Greek——*(as fam'd* Demoſthenes *relates)*
Politically mad!——wou'd rave of States!
And help'd to form, where'er the Mob could meet,
An Areopagus *in ev'ry Street.*
What News, what News? was their eternal cry;
Is Philip *ſick!* *—*then ſoar'd their Spirits high,—*
Philip *is well!——Dejection in each Eye.*
Athenian *Coblers join'd in deep Debate,*
While Gold in ſecret undermin'd the State;
Till Wiſdom's Bird the Vultur's Prey was made;
And the Sword gleam'd in Academus' *Shade.*

Now modern Philips *threaten this our Land,*
What ſay Britannia's *Sons? — along the Strand*
What News? ye cry;——with the ſame Paſſion ſmit;
And there at leaſt you rival Attic Wit.
A Parliament of Porters here ſhall muſe
On State Affairs—"ſwall'wing a Taylor's News;"
For Ways and Means *no ſtarv'd Projector ſleeps;*
And ev'ry Shop ſome mighty Stateſman keeps;
He Britain's *foes, like* Bobadil, *can kill;*
Supply th' EXCHEQUER, *and neglect his Till.*
In ev'ry Ale-houſe Legiſlators meet;
And Patriots ſettle Kingdoms in the Fleet.

* *Vide the firſt Philippic.*

To

PROLOGUE.

To ſhew this Phrenzy in its genuine Light,
A modern Newſmonger appears to Night;
Trick'd out from Addiſon's *accompliſh'd Page,*
Behold! th' Upholſterer *aſcends the Stage.*

No Miniſter ſuch Trials e'er hath ſtood;
He turns a BANKRUPT *for the public Good!*
Undone himſelf, yet full of England's *Glory!*
A Politician!——neither Whig nor Tory——
Nor can ye high or low the Quixote *call;*
"He's Knight o'th' Shire, and repreſents ye all."

As for the Bard,——to you he yields his Plan;
For well he knows, you're candid where you can.
One only Praiſe he claims,—no Party-ſtroke
Here turns a public Character to joke.
His Panacea *is for all Degrees,*
For all have more or leſs of this Diſeaſe.
Whatever his Succeſs, of this he's ſure,
There's Merit even to attempt the Cure.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN

QUIDNUNC, the Upholſterer,	Mr. YATES.
PAMPHLET.	Mr. GARRICK.
RAZOR, a Barber,	Mr. WOODWARD.
FEEBLE,	Mr. BLAKES.
BELLMOUR,	Mr. USHER.
ROVEWELL,	Mr. PALMER.
CODICIL, a Lawyer *,	Mr. TASWELL.
BRISK,	Mr. VERNON.
Watchman,	Mr. CLOUGH.

WOMEN.

HARRIET,	Mrs. YATES.
TERMAGANT	Mrs. CLIVE.
Maid to FEEBLE.	Mrs. SIMPSON.

* *For the ſake of Brevity,* Codicil's *Scene is omitted in the Repreſentation, as are likewiſe a few Paſſages in the ſecond Act.*

THE UPHOLSTERER;

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ACT I.

SCENE BELLMOUR's *Lodging*.

Enter BELLMOUR, *beating* BRISK.

BRISK.

MR. *Bellmour*,—let me die, Sir,—as I hope to be ſav'd, Sir———

BELL.

Sirrah! Rogue! Villain!——I'll teach you, I will, you Raſcal, to ſpeak irreverently of her I love.———

BRISK.

As I am a Sinner, Sir, I only meant———

BELL.

Only meant! You could not mean it, Jackanapes,—you had no Meaning, Booby.———

BRISK.

Why, no, Sir,——that's the very Thing, Sir,——I had no Meaning.

BELL.

Then Sirrah, I'll make you know your Meaning for the future.———

BRISK.

Yes, Sir,——to be ſure, Sir,——and yet upon my Word if you would be but a little cool, Sir, you'd find I am not much to blame.——Beſides Maſter, you can't conceive the good it would do your Health, if you will but keep your Temper a little.———

BELL.

Mighty well, Sir, give your Advice.

BRISK.

Why really now this ſame Love hath metamorphoſed us both very ſtrangely, Maſter,——for to be free; here have we been at this Work theſe ſix Weeks,——ſtark-ſtaring mad in Love with a Couple of Baggages not worth a Groat,——and yet Heav'n help us! they have as much Pride as comes to the Share of a Lady of Quality before ſhe has been caught in the Fact with a handſome young Fellow,——or indeed after ſhe has been caught, for that Matter.———

BELL.

You won't have done Raſcal.———

BRISK.

In ſhort, my young Miſtreſs and her Maid have as much Pride and Poverty as—as—no Matter what, they have the Devil and all,—when at the ſame Time every Body knows the old broken Upholſterer Miſs *Harriet*'s Father, might give us all he has in the World, and not eat the worſe Pudding on a Sunday for it.

BELL.

Impious, execrable Athieſt! What, detract from Heaven! I'll reform your Notions, I will, you ſaucy——— [*beats him.*

BRISK.

Nay, but my dear Sir!——a little Patience,——not ſo hard.———

Enter

Enter ROVEWELL.

ROVE.

Bellmour your Servant;—what at Loggerheads with my old Friend *Briſk*.

BELL.

Confuſion! Mr. *Rovewell* your Servant,—this is your doing, Hang-dog.—*Jack Rovewell* I am glad to ſee thee.———

ROVE.

Briſk uſed to be a good Servant,—he has not been tampering with any of his Maſter's Girls, has he?

BELL.

Do you know *Rovewell* that he has had the Impudence to talk detractingly and profanely of my Miſtreſs?——

BRISK.

For which Sir, I have ſuffered inhumanly and moſt unchriſtian-like, I aſſure you.

BELL.

Will you leave Prating, Booby?

ROVE.

Well, but *Bellmour*, where does ſhe live?—I'm but juſt arriv'd you know, and I'll go and beat up her Quarters.———

BELL. [*Half aſide.*]

Beat up her Quarters!—(*looks at him ſmilingly, then half aſide.*)

Favours to none; to all ſhe Smiles extends,
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.

[*ſtands muſing.*]

ROVE.

Hey! What fallen into a Reverie!—Prithee *Briſk* what does all this mean?

BRISK.

Why, Sir, you muſt know—I am over Head and Ears in Love.———

ROVE.

But I mean your Maſter; what ails him?

BRISK.

That's the very Thing I'm going to tell you Sir,—as I ſaid, Sir,—I am over Head and Ears in Love with a

whimsical, queer kind of a Piece, here in the Neighbourhood, and so nothing can serve my Master, but he must fall in Love with her Mistress,—look at him now Sir,——

[Bellmour *continues musing and muttering to himself.*]

ROVE.

Ha, ha, ha,——Poor *Bellmour*, I pity thee with all my Heart.———

[*Strikes him on the Shoulder, then ludicrously repeats.*]

Ye Gods annihilate both Space and Time;——
And make two Lovers happy.———

BELL.

My dear *Rovewell*, such a Girl,—ten Thousand *Cupids* play about her Mouth, you Rogue.——

ROVE.

Ten Thousand Pounds had better play about her Pocket. —what Fortune has she?

BRISK.

Heaven help us, not much to crack of.———

BELL.

Not much to crack of Mr. *Brazen*.—prithee *Rovewell*, how can you be so ungenerous as to ask such a Question? You know I don't mind Fortune, though by the way she has an Uncle who is determined to settle very handsomely on her; and on the Strength of that, does she give herself innumerable Airs.———

ROVE.

Fortune not to be minded!—I'll tell you what *Bellmour*, tho' you have a good one already, there's no kind of Inconvenience in a little more.—I'm sure if I had not minded Fortune, I might have been in *Jamaica* still, not worth a Sugar-Cane; but the Widow *Molosses* took a Fancy to me;——Heaven, or a worse Destiny has taken a Fancy to her, and so after ten Years Exile, and being turn'd a-drift by my Father, here am I again a warm Planter, and a Widower, most woefully tir'd of Matrimony;—— but my dear *Bellmour* we were both so overjoy'd to meet one another yesterday Evening, just as I arriv'd in Town, that I did not hear a Syllable from you of your Love Fit: How, when, and where did this happen?

BELL.

Oh!—by the moſt fortunate Accident that ever was,—I'll tell thee *Rovewell:* I was going one Night from the Tavern about Six Weeks ago,—I had been there with a Parcel of Blades whoſe only Joy is center'd in their Bottle, and faith till this Accident I was no better myſelf,——but ever ſince I am grown quite a new Man.

ROVE.

Ay, a new Man indeed!—Who in the Name of Wonder would take thee, ſunk as thou art into a muſing, moping, melancholy Lover, for the gay *Charles Bellmour* whom I knew in the *Weſt-Indies?*

BELL.

Poh, that is not mentioned,——you know my Father took me againſt my Will from the Univerſity, and conſigned me over to the academic Diſcipline of a Man of War; ſo that to prevent a Dejection of Spirits, I was oblig'd to run into the oppoſite Extreme,——as you yourſelf were wont to do.

ROVE.

Why, yes. I had my Moments of Reflection, and was glad to diſſipate them—You know I always told you there was ſomething extraordinary in my Story; and ſo there is ſtill, I ſuppoſe it muſt be cleared up in a few Days now—I'm in no Hurry about it tho'; I muſt ſee the Town a little this Evening, and have my Frolick firſt. But to the Point *Bellmour*, you was going from the Tavern you ſay.——

BELL.

Yes, Sir, about two in the Morning, and I perceived an unuſual Blaze in the Air,—I was in a rambling Humour, and ſo reſolv'd to know what it was.

BRISK.

I, and my Maſter went together Sir.———

BELL.

Oh! *Rovewell!* my better Stars ordain'd it to light me on to Happineſs;——by ſure Attraction led, I came to the very Street where a Houſe was on Fire; Water-Engines playing, Flames aſcending, all Hurry, Confuſion, and Diſtreſs; when on a ſudden the Voice of Deſpair, Silver ſweet, came thrilling down to my very Heart;—poor, dear,

dear, little Soul, what can ſhe do, cried the Neighbours? Again ſhe ſcream'd, the Fire gathering Force, and gaining upon her every Inſtant;——here Ma'am ſaid I, leap into my Arms, I'll be ſure to receive you;——and wou'd you think it?——down ſhe came,——my dear *Rovewell*, ſuch a Girl!—I caught her in my Arms you Rogue, ſafe, without Harm.—The dear naked *Venus*, juſt riſen from her Bed, my Boy,——her ſlender Waiſt *Rovewell*, the downy Smoothneſs of her whole Perſon, and her Limbs "harmonious, "ſwell'd by Nature's ſofteſt Hand."———

ROVE.

Raptures, and Paradiſe!——What Seraglio in *Covent-Garden* did you carry her to?

BELL.

There again now! Do, prithee correct your Way of Thinking, take a *quantum ſufficit* of virtuous Love, and purify your Ideas.——Her lovely Baſhfulneſs, her delicate Fears,——her Beauty heighten'd and endear'd by Diſtreſs, diſpers'd my wildeſt Thoughts, and melted me into Tenderneſs and Reſpect.———

ROVE.

But *Bellmour*, ſurely ſhe has not the Impudence to be modeſt after you have had Poſſeſſion of her Perſon.——

BELL.

My Views are honourable I aſſure you, Sir; but her Father is ſo abſurdly poſitive——The Man's diſtracted about the Balance of Power, and will give his Daughter to none but a Politician.——When there was an Execution in his Houſe, he thought of nothing but the Camp at *Pyrna*, and now he's a Bankrupt, his Head runs upon Ways and Means, and Schemes for paying off the national Debt: The Affairs of *Europe* engroſs all his Attention, while the Diſtreſſes of his lovely Daughter paſs unnoticed.

ROVE.

Ridiculous enough!——But why do you mind him? Why don't you go to Bed to the Wench at once?—Take her into Keeping Man.———

BELL.

How can you talk ſo affrontingly of her?—Have not I told

told you tho' her Father is ruin'd, ſtill ſhe has great Expectancies from a rich Relation?———

ROVE.

Then what do you ſtand watering at the Mouth for? If ſhe is to have Money enough to pay for her China, her Gaming Debts, her Dogs, and her Monkeys, marry her then, if you needs muſt be enſnar'd; be in a Fool's Paradiſe for a Honey-Moon, then come to yourſelf, wonder at what you've done, and mix with honeſt Fellows again;——carry her off I ſay, and never ſtand whining for the Father's Conſent.———

BELL.

Carry her off!——I like the Scheme,——will you aſſiſt me?

ROVE.

No, no, there I beg to be excus'd. Don't you remember what the Satyriſt ſays,——"Never marry while there's "a Halter to be had for Money, or a Bridge to afford a "convenient Leap."

BELL.

Prithee leave Fooling.——

ROVE.

I am in ſerious Earneſt I aſſure you; I'll drink with you, game with you, go into any Scheme or Frolic with you, but war Matrimony.—Nay, if you'll come to the Tavern this Evening, I'll drink your Miſtreſs's Health in a Bumper; but as to your conjugal Scheme, I'll have nothing to do with that Buſineſs poſitively.——

BELL.

Well, well, I'll take you at your word, and meet you at ten exactly at the ſame Place we were at laſt Night; then and there I'll let you know what further Meaſures I've concerted.

ROVE.

Till then, Farewell, *a-propos*,——do you know that I've ſeen none of my Relations yet?

BELL.

Time enough To-morrow.

ROVE.

Ay, ay, To-morrow will do,—well, your Servant.

[*Exit* Rovewell.

BELL.

Rovewell, yours,——ſee the Gentleman down Stairs,——and d'ye hear, come to me into my Study that I may give you a Letter to *Harriet*, and hark ye, Sir,——Be ſure you ſee *Harriet* yourſelf; and let me have no Meſſages from that officious Go-between, her Mrs. *Slipſlop* of a Maid, with her unintelligible Jargon of hard Words, of which ſhe neither knows the Meaning nor Pronunciation.—(*Exit* Briſk.) I'll write to her this Moment, acquaint her with the ſoft Tumult of my Deſires, and, if poſſible, make her mine this very Night.— [*Exit repeating.*

Love firſt taught Letters for ſome Wretch's Aid,
Some baniſh'd Lover, or ſome captive Maid.——

SCENE *The Upholſterer's Houſe.*

Enter HARRIET *and* TERMAGANT.

TERM.

WELL, but Ma'am, he has made love to you ſix Weeks *ſucceſsfully*; he has been as conſtant in his *'Moors* poor Gentleman, as if you had the *Subverſion* of a *'State* to ſettle upon him—and if he ſlips thro' your Fingers, now Ma'am, you have nobody to *depute* it to but yourſelf.

HAR.

Lard *Termagant*, how you run on!—I tell you again and again my Pride was touched, becauſe he ſeemed to preſume on his Opulence, and my Father's Diſtreſſes.

TERM.

La, Miſs *Harriet*, how can you be ſo *paradropſical* in your *'Pinions?*

HAR.

Well, but you know tho' my Father's Affairs are ruin'd I am not in ſo deſperate a Way; conſider my Uncle's Fortune is no Trifle, and I think that Proſpect intiles me to give myſelf a few Airs before I reſign my Perſon.

TERM.

I grant ye Ma'am, you have very good Pretenſions; but then it's waiting for dead Men's Shoes: I'll venture to be perjur'd Mr. *Bellmour* ne'er *diſclaim'd* an *Idear* of your Father's Diſtreſs——

HAR.

HAR.

Suppoſing that.

TERMAGANT.

Suppoſe Ma'am—I know it *diſputably* to be ſo.

HAR.

Indiſputably I gueſs you mean;—but I'm tired of wrangling with you about Words.

TERM.

By my troth you're in the right on't;—there's ne'er a ſhe in all old *England*, (as your Father calls it) is Miſtreſs of ſuch *Phiſiology*, as I am. Incertain I am, as how you does not know nobody that puts their Words together with ſuch a *Curacy* as myſelf. I once lived with a *Miſtus*, Ma'am,—*Miſtus!*—She was a Lady—a great Brewer's Wife!—and ſhe wore as fine Cloaths, as any Perſon of Quality, let her get up as early as ſhe will—and ſhe uſed to call me—*Tarmagant*, ſays ſhe,—What's the *Sigrification* of ſuch a Word—and I always told her—I told her the *Importation* of all my Words, though I could not help laughing, Miſs *Harriet*, to ſee ſo fine a Lady ſuch a downright *Ignoranimus*.

HAR.

Well,—but pray now *Termagant*, would you have me directly upon being aſked the Queſtion, throw myſelf into the Arms of a Man?

TERM.

O' my Conſcience you did throw yourſelf into his Arms with ſcarce a Shift on, that's what you did.

HAR.

Yes, but that was a Leap in the Dark, when there was no Time to think of it.

TERM.

Well, it does not ſignify *Argifying*, I wiſh we were both warm in Bed; you with Mr. *Bellmour*, and I with his Coxcomb of a Man; inſtead of being *manured* here with an old craſy Fool—*axing* your pardon Ma'am, for calling your Father ſo—but he is a Fool, and the worſt of Fools, with his *Policies*—when his Houſe is full of *Statues* of *Bangcreſſy*.

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Indiſputably I gueſs you mean;—but I'm tired of wrangling with you about Words.

TERM.

By my troth you're in the right on't;—there's ne'er a ſhe in all old *England*, (as your Father calls it) is Miſtreſs of ſuch *Phiſiology*, as I am. Incertain I am, as how you does not know nobody that puts their Words together with ſuch a *Curacy* as myſelf. I once lived with a *Miſtus*, Ma'am,—*Miſtus!*—She was a Lady—a great Brewer's Wife!—and ſhe wore as fine Cloaths, as any Perſon of Quality, let her get up as early as ſhe will—and ſhe uſed to call me—*Tarmagant*, ſays ſhe,—What's the *Sigrification* of ſuch a Word—and I always told her—I told her the *Importation* of all my Words, though I could not help laughing, Miſs *Harriet*, to ſee ſo fine a Lady ſuch a downright *Ignoranimus*.

HAR.

Well,—but pray now *Termagant*, would you have me directly upon being aſked the Queſtion, throw myſelf into the Arms of a Man?

TERM.

O' my Conſcience you did throw yourſelf into his Arms with ſcarce a Shift on, that's what you did.

HAR.

Yes, but that was a Leap in the Dark, when there was no Time to think of it.

TERM.

Well, it does not ſignify *Argifying*, I wiſh we were both warm in Bed; you with Mr. *Bellmour*, and I with his Coxcomb of a Man; inſtead of being *manured* here with an old craſy Fool—*axing* your pardon Ma'am, for calling your Father ſo—but he is a Fool, and the worſt of Fools, with his *Policies*—when his Houſe is full of *Statues* of *Bangcreſſy*.

HAR.

It's too true *Tarmagant*,——yet he's my Father ſtill, and I can't help loving him.

TERM.

Fiddle faddle,—Love him!—he's an *Anecdote* againſt Love.

HAR.

Huſh! here he comes!—

TERM.

No, it's your Uncle *Feeble*, poor Gentleman, I pity's him, eaten up with *Infirmaries*, to be taking ſuch pains with a Madman.

Enter FEEBLE.

HAR.

Well Uncle, have you been able to conſole him?

FEEBLE.

He wants no Conſolation Child,—lackaday,— I'm ſo infirm I can hardly move.—I found him tracing in the Map, Prince *Charles* of *Lorraine*'s Paſſage over the *Rhine*, and comparing it with *Julius Cæſar*'s.

TERM.

An old Blockhead—I've no Patience with him with his Fellows coming after him every Hour in the Day with News. Well now I wiſhes there was no ſuch a Thing as a News-paper in the World, with ſuch a Pack of Lies, and ſuch a deal of *Jab-jab* every Day.

FEEBLE.

Ay, there were three or four ſhabby Fellows with him when I went into his Room—I can't get him to think of appearing before the Commiſſioners To-morrow, to diſcloſe his Effects; but I'll ſend my Neighbour Counſellor *Codicil* to him,—don't be dejected *Harriet*, my poor Siſter, your Mother, was a good Woman; I love you for her ſake, Child, and all I am worth, ſhall be yours—But I muſt be going,—I find myſelf but very ill; good Night, *Harriet*, good Night.

[*Exit* Feeble.

HAR.

You'll give me leave to ſee you to the Door, Sir.

[*Exit* Harriet.

TERM.

TERM.

O' my Conſcience this Maſter of mine within here, might have pick'd up his Crums as well as Mr. *Feeble*, if he had any *Idear* of his buſineſs, I'm ſure if I had not hopes from Mr. *Feeble*, I ſhould not tarry in this Houſe—By my Troth, if all who have nothing to ſay to the *'fairs* of the Nation, would mind their own Buſineſs, and thoſe who ſhould take care of our *'fairs*, would mind their Buſineſs too, I fancy poor old *England* (as they call it) would fare the better among 'em—This old crazy Pate within here—playing the Fool—when the Man is paſt his grand *Clytemneſter*. [*Exit* Termagant.

SCENE *diſcovers* QUIDNUNC *at a Table, with News Papers, Pamphlets, &c. all around him.*

QUID.

Six and three is nine—ſeven and four is eleven, and carry one—let me ſee, 126 Million—199 Thouſand, 328—and all this with about—where, where's the amount of the Specie? Here, here—with about 15 Million in Specie, all this great Circulation! good, good,—why then how are we ruined?—how are we ruined?—What ſays the Land-Tax at 4 Shillings in the Pound, two Million! now where's my new Aſſeſſment?—here,—here, the 5th part of Twenty, 5 in 2 I can't, but 5 in 20 *(pauſes)* right, 4 times—why then upon my new Aſſeſſment there's 4 Million—how are we ruined?—what ſays, Malt, Cyder, and Mum,—eleven and carry one, naught and go 2—good, good, Malt, Hops, Cyder, and Mum; then there's the Wine Licence, and the Gin Act—The Gin Act is no bad Article—if the People will ſhoot Fire down their Throats, why in a Chriſtian Country they ſhould pay as much as poſſible for Suicide—Salt! good—Sugar, very good——Window lights——good again!——Stamp Duty, that's not ſo well—It will have a bad Effect upon the News-Papers, and we ſhan't have enough of Politics—But there's the Lottery—where's my new Scheme for a Lottery?—Here it is—Now for the Amount of the

whole—How are we ruin'd? 7 and carry nought——nought and carry one——

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERM.

Sir, Sir,—

QUID.

Hold your Tongue you Baggage, you'll put me out—nought and carry one.

TERM.

Counſellor *Codicil* will be with you preſently—

QUID.

Prithee be quiet Woman—how are we ruined?

TERM.

Ay, I'm *conſidous* as how you may thank yourſelf for your own *Ruination.*

QUID.

Ruin the Nation!—hold your Tongue you Jade, I'm raiſing the Supplies within the Year,——how many did I carry?

TERM.

Yes, you've carried your Pigs to a fine Market—

QUID.

Get out of the Room, Huſſey—you Trollop, get out of the Room— [*turning her out.*]

Enter RAZOR, *with Suds on his Hands*, &c.

QUID.

Friend *Razor*, I am glad to ſee thee—well haſt got any News?

RAZOR.

A Budget! I left a Gentleman half ſhaved in my Shop over the way; it came into my Head of a ſudden, ſo I could not be at eaſe till I told you—

QUID.

That's kind, that's kind Friend *Razor*—never mind the Gentleman, he can wait.—

RAZOR.

Yes, ſo he can, he can wait.—

QUID.

QUID.

Come, now let's hear, what is't?

RAZOR.

I ſhav'd a great Man's Butler to Day.—

QUID.

Did ye?

RAZOR.

I did.

QUID.

Ay;

RAZOR.

Very true. *(both ſhake their Heads.)*

QUID.

What did he ſay?

RAZOR.

Nothing.

QUID.

Hum—how did he look.

RAZOR.

Full of Thought.

QUID.

Ay! full of Thought—what can that mean?

RAZOR.

It muſt mean ſomething. *(ſtaring at each other.)*

QUID.

Mayhap ſomebody may be going out of Place.

RAZOR.

Like enough,—there's ſomething at the Bottom, when a great Man's Butler looks grave, things can't hold out in this manner, Maſter *Quidnunc!*——Kingdoms riſe and fall!—Luxury will be the ruin of us all, it will indeed. *(Stares at him.)*

QUID.

Pray now, Friend *Razor*, do you find Buſineſs as current now as before the War?

RAZOR.

No, no, I have not made a Wig the Lord knows when, I can't mind it for thinking of my poor Country.

QUID.

That's generous, Friend *Razor*—

RAZOR.

RAZOR.

Yes, I can't gi'my Mind to any for thinking of my Country, and when I was in *Bedlam*, it was the ſame, I cou'd think of nothing elſe in *Bedlam*, but poor old *England*, and ſo they ſaid as how I was incurable for it.—

QUID.

S'bodikins? they might as well ſay the ſame of me.

RAZOR.

So they might—well, your Servant Mr. *Quidnunc*, I'll go now and ſhave the reſt of the Gentleman's Face—Poor Old *England.* *(ſighs and ſhakes his Head) going.*

QUID.

But hark ye, Friend *Razor*, aſk the Gentleman if he has got any News.—

RASOR.

I will, I will.

QUID.

And d'ye hear, come and tell me if he has.—

RAZOR.

I will, I will—poor Old *England. (going returns)* O, Mr. *Quidnunc*, I want to aſk you—pray now—

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERM.

Gemini! Gemini!—How can a Man have ſo little *Difference* for his Cuſtomers—

QUID.

I tell you, Mrs. *Malapert.*—

TERM.

And I tell you the Gentleman keeps ſuch a Bawling yonder, for ſhame, Mr. *Razor*—you'll be a *Bankrupper* like my Maſter, with ſuch a Houſe full of Children as you have, pretty little things—that's what you will—

RAZOR.

I'm a coming, I'm a coming, Mrs. *Termagant*—I ſay Mr. *Quidnunc*, I can't ſleep in my Bed for thinking what will come of the Proteſtants, if the Papiſts ſhould get the better in the preſent War.—

QUID.

I'll tell you—The Geographer of our Coffee-houſe was ſaying the other Day, that there is an huge Tract of

Land about the Pole, where the Proteſtants may retire, and that the Papiſts will never be able to beat 'em thence, if the northern Powers hold together, and the grand *Turk* make a Diverſion in their Favour.

RAZOR.

That makes me eaſy — I'm glad the Proteſtants will know where to go if the Papiſts ſhou'd get the better *(going returns)* Oh! Mr. *Quidnunc* — hark'ye — *India* Bonds are riſen.

QUID.

Are they?—how much?

RAZOR.

A *Jew* Pedlar ſaid in my Shop as how they are riſen three Sixteenths—

QUID.

Why then that makes ſome Amends for the Price of Corn—

RAZOR.

So it does, ſo it does, if they but hold up and the Proteſtants know where to go, I ſhall then have a Night's Reſt mayhap.— [*Exit* Razor.

QUID.

I ſhall never be rightly eaſy till thoſe careening Wharfs at *Gibraltar* are repaired—

TERM.

Fiddle for your *Dwarfs*, *impair* your ruin'd Fortune, do that.

QUID.

If only one Ship can heave down at a time, there will be no End of it — and then, why ſhould Watering be ſo tedious there?

TERM.

Look where your Daughter comes, and yet you'll be *ruinating* about *Give-a-halter*, while that poor thing is breaking her Heart.

Enter HARRIET.

QUID.

It's one Comfort, however, they can always have freſh Proviſions in the *Mediterranean*—

HAR.

HAR.

Dear Papa, what's the *Mediterranean* to People in our Situation?—

QUID.

The *Mediterranean*, Child? Why if we ſhould loſe the *Mediterranean*, we're all undone.

HAR.

Dear Sir, that's our Misfortune—we are undone already—

QUID.

No, no,—here, here Child—I have raiſed the Supplies within the Year.

TERM.

I tell you, you're a *lunadic* Man.

QUID.

Yes, yes, I'm a Lunatic to be ſure—I tell you, *Harriet*, I have ſaved a great deal out of my Affairs for you—

HAR.

For Heav'n's ſake, Sir, don't do that—you muſt give up every thing, my Uncle *Feeble*'s Lawyer will be here to talk with you about it—

QUID.

Poh, poh, I tell you, I know what I'm about;—you ſhall have my Books and Pamphlets, and all the Manifeſtoes of the Powers at War.—

HAR.

And ſo make me a Politician, Sir?

QUID.

It would be the Pride of my Heart to find I had got a Politician in Pettycoats—a Female *Machiavel!*—S'bodikins, you might then know as much as moſt People that talk in Coffee-houſes, and who knows but in time you might be a Maid of Honour, or Sweeper of the Mall, or—

HAR.

Dear Sir, don't I ſee what you have got by Politics?

QUID.

Pſhaw! my Country's of more Conſequence to me, and let me tell you, you can't think too much of your Country in theſe worſt of Times; for Mr. *Monitor* has told us, that Affairs in the North, and the Proteſtant Intereſt, begin to grow TICKLISH.

TERM.

TERM.

And your Daughter's Affairs are very TICKLISH too, I'm ſure.——

HAR.

Prithee *Termagant*——

TERM.

I muſt ſpeak to him—I know you are in a very TICKLISH Situation, Ma'am.

QUID.

I tell you, you Trull——

TERM.

But I am convicted it is ſo—and the Poſture of my Affairs is very TICKLISH too——and ſo I imprecate that Mr. *Bellmour* wou'd come, and,----

QUID.

Mr. *Bellmour* come! I tell you, Mrs. *Saucebox*, that my Daughter ſhall never be married to a Man that has not better Notions of the Balance of Power.

TERM.

But what *Purviſion* will you make for her now with your Balances?

QUID.

There again now!——Why do you think I don't know what I'm about? I'll look in the Papers for a Match for you, Child; there's often good Matches advertiſed in the Papers—Evil betide it,—Evil betide it—! I once thought to have ſtruck a great Stroke, that would have aſtoniſhed all *Europe*,—I thought to have married my Daughter to *Theodore* King of *Corſica*——

HAR.

What, and have me periſh in a Jail, Sir!

QUID.

S'bobikins my Daughter would have had her Coronation-Day;---I ſhould have been allied to a crowned Head, and been FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY OF CORSICA! —But come, —— now I'll go and talk over the *London Evening*, till the *Gazette* comes in—I ſhan't ſleep to night unleſs I ſee the *Gazette*.

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Enter CODICIL.

CODIC.

Mr. *Quidnunc* your Servant—the Door was open, and I entered upon the Premiſſes—I'm juſt come from the Hall.

QUID.

S'bodikins! This Man is now come to keep me at Home.

CODIC.

Upon my Word Miſs *Harriet*'s a very pretty young Lady as pretty a young Lady as one would deſire to have and to hold. Ma'am your moſt obedient; I have drawn my Friend *Feeble*'s Will, in which you have all his Goods and Chattles, Lands and Hereditaments.

HAR.

I thank you Sir, for the Information——

CODIC.

And I hope ſoon to draw your Marriage Settlement for my Friend Mr. *Bellmour*.

HAR.

O Lud! Sir, not a Word of that before my Father—I wiſh you'd try, Sir, to get him to think of his Affairs——

CODIC.

Why yes, I have Inſtructions for that Purpoſe; Mr. *Quidnunc*, I am inſtructed to expound the Law to you.

QUID.

What, the Law of Nations?

CODIC.

I am inſtructed, Sir, that you're a Bankrupt——*Quaſi bancus ruptus*——*Banque route faire*——and my Inſtructions ſay further, that you are ſummoned to appear before the Commiſſioners To-morrow——

QUID.

That may be, Sir, but I can't go To-morrow, and ſo I ſhall ſend 'em Word—I am to be To-morrow at *Slaughter*'s Coffee-houſe with a private Committee about Buſineſs of great Conſequence to the Affairs of *Europe*——

CODIC.

Then, Sir, if you don't go, I muſt inſtruct you, that you'll be guilty of a Felony: it will deem'd to be done

malo

malo Animo—it is held ſo in the Books—and what ſays the Statute? By the 5th *George* 2d, *Cap.* 30. Not ſurrendering or imbezzeling is Felony without Benefit of Clergy.

QUID.

Ay,—you tell me News——

CODIC.

Give me leave, Sir,——I am inſtructed to expound the Law to you; Felony is thus deſcribed in the Books *Felonia*, ſaith *Hotoman*, *de Verbis feudalibus*, *ſignificat capitale facinus*, a capital Offence.

QUID.

You tell me News, you do indeed.

CODIC.

It was ſo apprehended by the *Goths*, and the *Longobards*, and what ſaith Sir *Edward Coke*? *Fieri debeat felleo animo.*

QUID.

You've told me News—I did not know it was Felony; but if the Flanders Mail ſhould come in while I am there—I ſhall know nothing at all of it——

CODIC.

But why ſhould you be uneaſy? *cui bono*, Mr. *Quidnunc*, *cui bono?*

QUID.

Not uneaſy! If the Papiſts ſhould beat the Proteſtants—

CODIC.

But I tell you, they can get no Advantage of us. The Laws againſt the further Growth of Popery will ſecure us——there are Proviſoes in Favour of Proteſtant Purchaſers under Papiſts——10th *Geo.* I. Cap. 4 and 6 *Geo.* II. Cap. 5.

QUID.

Ay!

CODIC.

And beſides *Popiſh* Recuſants can't carry Arms, ſo can have no Right of Conqueſt, *Vi & armis.*

QUID.

That's true—that's true—I'm eaſier in my Mind——

CODIC.

To be ſure, what are you uneaſy about? The Papiſts can have no Claim to *Sileſia*——

QUID.

Can't they?

CODIC.

No, they can ſet up no Claim——If the Queen on her Marriage had put all her Lands into *Hotchpot* then indeed—and it ſeemeth, ſaith *Littleton*, that this Word *Hotchpot* is in *Engliſh* a Pudding——

QUID.

You reaſon very clearly, Mr. *Codicil*, upon the Rights of the Powers at War, and ſo now if you will, I am ready to talk a little of my Affairs.

CODIC.

Nor does the Matter reſt here; for how can ſhe ſet up a Claim, when ſhe has made a Conveyance to the Houſe of *Brandenburgh?* the Law, Mr. *Quidnunc* is very ſevere againſt fraudulent Conveyances——

QUID.

S'bodikins, you have ſatisfied me——

CODIC.

Why therefore then—if he will levy Fines and ſuffer a common Recovery; he can bequeath it as he likes in *feodum ſimplex*, provided he takes care to put in *ſes Heres*.

QUID.

I'm heartily glad of it,—ſo that with regard to my Effects——

CODIC.

Why then ſuppoſe ſhe was to bring it to a Tryal at Bar——

QUID.

I ſay with regard to the full Diſcloſure of my Effects—

CODIC.

What wou'd ſhe get by that?—it would go off upon a ſpecial Pleading—and as to Equity——

QUID.

Pray muſt I now ſurrender my Books and my Pamphlets?

CODIC.

What wou'd Equity do for her? Equity can't relieve her, he might keep her at leaſt twenty Years before a Maſter to ſettle the Account——

QUID.

QUID.

You have made me eaſy about the Proteſtants in this War, you have indeed—ſo that with regard to my appearing before the Commiſſioners.

CODIC.

And as to the *Ban of the Empire*, he may demur to that. For all Tenures by *Knight's Service* are aboliſhed, and the Statute 12 *Char.* II. has declared all Lands to be held under a *Common Socage*.

QUID.

Pray now, Mr. *Codicil*, muſt not my Creditors appear to prove their Debts?——

CODIC.

Why therefore then, if they're held in *Common Socage*, I ſubmit it to the Court,——whether the Empire can have any Claim to *Knight's Service*;——they can't call to him for a ſingle Man for the Wars—*Unum Hominem ad Guerram*;—for what is *Common Socage?*——*Socagium idem eſt quod ſervitium ſocæ*,—the Service of the Plough.

QUID.

I am ready to attend 'em—But pray now, when my Certificate is ſigned,—it is of great Conſequence to me to know this. I ſay, Sir, when my Certificate is ſigned. Mayn't I then—Hey! (*ſtarting up*) Hey!—What do I hear?

CODIC.

I apprehend,——I humbly conceive when your Certificate is ſigned.——

QUID.

Hold your Tongue Man——did not I hear the *Gazette? Newſman*, (*within*) Great News in the *London-Gazette*.

QUID.

Yes, yes it is——it is the *Gazette*——*Termagant* run you Jade, (*turns her out*) *Harriet* fly, it is the *Gazette*.

(*turns her out.*

CODIC.

The Law in that Caſe, Mr. *Quidnunc*, *prima facie*.——

QUID.

I can't hear you,——I have not Time,——*Termagant*, run, make Haſte.— [*ſtamps violently.*]

CODIC.

I ſay, Sir, it is held in the Books.——

QUID.

I care for no Books—I want the Papers.— (*ſtamping.*)

CODIC.

Throughout all the Books,—Bo! the Man is *non compos*, and his Friends, inſtead of a Commiſſion of Bankruptcy, ſhould take out a Commiſſion of Lunacy. [*Exit* Cod.

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERM.

What do you keep ſuch a Bauling for? the Newſman ſays as how the Emperor of *Mocco* is dead.——

QUID.

The Emperor of *Morocco!*

TERM.

Yes, him.

QUID.

My poor dear Emperor of *Morocco.* (*burſts into Tears.*)

TERM.

Ah! you old Don *Quickſett!*——Ma'am, Ma'am,—Miſs *Harriet*, go your ways into the next Room, there's Mr. *Bellmour*'s Man there, Mr. *Bellmour* has ſent you a Billydore.——

HAR.

Oh, *Termagant*, my Heart is in an uproar,——I don't know what to ſay——where is he? let me run to him this Inſtant. (*Exit* Harriet.

QUID.

The Emperor of *Morocco* had a regard for the Balance of *Europe*, (*ſighs*) well, well, come, come, give me the Paper.

TERM.

The Newſman would not truſt becauſe you're a *Bankrupper*, and ſo I paid two Pence Halfpenny for it.——

QUID.

Let's ſee,——let's ſee.——

TERM.

Give me my Money then—— (*running from him.*)

QUID.

Give it me this Inſtant, you Jade—— (*after her.*)

TERM.

Give me my Money, I ſay—— (*from him.*)

QUID.

I'll teach you, I will you Baggage. (*after her.*)

TER.

TERM.

I won't part with it till I have my Money. (*from him.*)

QUID.

I'll give you no Money, Huſſey. (*after her.*)

TERM.

Your Daughter ſhall marry Mr. *Bellmour*. (*from him.*)

QUID.

I'll never accede to the Treaty. (*after her.*)

TERM.

Go you old Fool. (*from him.*)

QUID.

You vile Minx, worſe than the Whore of *Babylon*. (*after her.*)

TERM.

There, you old crack'd Brain'd Politic,——there's your Paper for you. (*throws it down, and Exit.*)

QUID. (*ſitting down.*)

Oh! Heavens!—— I'm quite out of Breath, —— a Jade, to keep my News from me,—what does it ſay? what does it ſay? what does it ſay? (*Reads very faſt while opening the Paper.*) "Whereas a Commiſſion of "Bankrupt is awarded and iſſued forth againſt *Abraham* "*Quidnunc*, of the Pariſh of St. *Martin*'s in the *Fields*, "*Upholſterer*, *Dealer* and *Chapman*, the ſaid Bankrupt "is hereby required to ſurrender himſelf." Po, what ſignifies this Stuff? I don't mind myſelf, when the Balance of Power is concerned.——however, I ſhall be read of, in the ſame Paper, in the *London Gazette*, by the Powers abroad; together with the *Pope*, and the *French King*, and the *Mogul*, and all of 'em ——— good, good — very good!——here's a Pow'r of News,——let me ſee, (*reads*) "Letters from the Vice Admiral, dated *Tyger* off *Cal*- "*cutta*."—(*mutters to himſelf very eagerly*) Oddſheart thoſe Baggages will interrupt me, I hear their Tongues a-going, clack, clack, clack, I'll run into my Cloſet, and lock myſelf up.—a Vixen!—a Trollop,—to want Money, from me,—when I may have occaſion to buy *The State of the Sinking Fund*, or *Faction detected*, or *The Barrier Treaty*, —or,—and beſides, how cou'd the Jade tell but To-morrow we may have a *Gazette* Extraordinary? [*Exit.*

End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II.

Scene the Upholsterer's *House.*

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUIDNUNC.

WHERE, where, where is he?—where's Mr. *Pamphlet?* —— Mr. *Pamphlet!* —— *Termagant*, Mr. a—a—*Termagant*, *Harriet*, *Termagant*, you vile Minx, you ſaucy——

Enter TERMAGANT.

Here's a Racket indeed!

QUID.

Where's Mr. *Pamphlet?* you Baggage if he's gone—

TERM.

Did not I *intimidate* that he's in the next Room—why ſure the Man's out of his Wits.

QUID.

Shew him in here then — I would not miſs ſeeing him for the Diſcovery of the North-Eaſt Paſſage.

TERM.

Go, you old Gemini Gomini of a Politic. [*Exit* TERM.

QUID.

Shew him in I ſay,—I had rather ſee him than the whole State of the Peace at *Utrecht*, or 'the *Paris A-la-main*,' or the Votes, or the Minutes, or—Here he comes —the beſt political Writer of the Age.

Enter

Enter PAMPHLET.

(*With a Surtout Coat, a Muff, a long Campaign Wig out of Curl, and a pair of black Garters, buckled under the Knees.*)

QUID.

Mr. *Pamphlet*, I am heartily glad to ſee you, — as glad as if you were an Expreſs from the *Groyn*, or from *Berlin*, or from *Zell*, or from *Calcutta* over Land, or from—

PAMPH.

Mr. *Quidnunc*, your Servant,—I'm come from a Place of great Importance.——

QUID.

Look ye there now!—well, where, where?

PAMPH.

Are we alone?

QUID.

Stay, ſtay, till I ſhut the Door,——now, now, where do you come from?

PAMPH.

From the Court of Requeſts.

(*laying aſide his Surtout Coat.*)

QUID.

The Court of Requeſts, (*whiſpers*) are they up?

PAMPH.

Hot work.——

QUID.

Debates ariſing may be.

PAMPH.

Yes, and like to ſit late.

QUID.

What are they upon?

PAMPH.

Can't ſay,——

QUID.

What carried you thither?

PAMPH.

I went in hopes of being taken up.——

QUID.

Lookye thee now. (*ſhaking his Head*)

PAMPH.

I've been aiming at it theſe three Years.——

QUID.

Indeed! (*ſtaring at him.*)

PAMPH.

Indeed,——Sedition is the only thing an Author can live by now,——Time has been I could turn a Penny by an Earthquake; or live upon a Jail-Diſtemper; or dine upon a bloody Murder;—but now that's all over,—nothing will do now but roaſting a Miniſter———— or telling the People, that they are ruined —— the People of *England* are never ſo happy as when you tell 'em they are ruined.

QUID.

Yes, but they an't ruined ——— I have a Scheme for paying off the national Debt.

PAMPH.

Let's ſee, let's ſee (*puts on his Spectacles*) well enough! well imagined, — a new Thought this — I muſt make this my own (*aſide*) ſilly, futile, abſurd,——abominable, this will never do—I'll put it in my Pocket and read it over in the Morning for you—now look you here—I'll ſhew you a Scheme (*rummaging his Pockets*) no that's not it—that's my Conduct of the Miniſtry, by a Country Gentleman—I prov'd the Nation undone here, this ſold hugely,——and here now, here's my Anſwer to it, by a noble Lord;—this did not move among the Trade.———

QUID.

What, do you write on both Sides?

PAMPH.

Yes, both Sides,——I've two Hands Mr. *Quidnunc*,—— always impartial,——*Ambo dexter*.——now here, here's my Dedication to a great Man——touch'd Twenty for this—— and here,—here's my Libel upon him———

QUID.

What, after being obliged to him?

PAMPH.

Yes, for that Reaſon,——it excites Curioſity——White-waſh and Blacking-ball Mr. *Quidnunc! in utrumque paratus*,——no thriving without it.

QUID.

QUID.

What have you here in this Pocket?

(*prying eagerly.*)

PAMPH.

That's my Account with *Jacob Zorobabel*, the *Broker*, for writing Paragraphs to raiſe or tumble the Stocks, or the Price of Lottery Tickets, according to his Purpoſes.

QUID.

Ay, how do you do that?

PAMPH.

As thus,—To-day the Proteſtant Intereſt declines, *Madraſs* is taken, and *England*'s undone; then all the long Faces in the Alley look as diſmal as a Blank, and ſo *Jacob* buys away and thrives upon our Ruin. — Then To-morrow, we're all alive and merry again, *Pondicherry*'s taken; a certain Northern Potentate will ſhortly ſtrike a Blow, to aſtoniſh all *Europe*, and then every true born *Engliſhman* is willing to buy a Lottery Ticket for twenty or thirty Shillings more than its worth; ſo *Jacob* ſells away, and reaps the Fruits of our Succeſs.

QUID.

What, and will the People believe that now?

PAMPH.

Believe it! — believe any thing, —— no Swallow like a true-born *Engliſhman*'s——a Man in a Quart Bottle, or a Victory, it's all one to them,—they give a Gulp,—and down it goes,—glib, glib.———

QUID.

Yes, but they an't at the Bottom of Things?

PAMPH.

No, not they, they dabble a little, but can't dive———

QUID.

Pray now Mr. *Pamphlet*, what do you think of our Situation?

PAMPH.

Bad, Sir, bad,——and how can it be better?—the People in Power never ſend to me,——never conſult me,——it muſt be bad.——Now here, here, (*goes to his looſe Coat*) here's a Manuſcript!—this will do the Buſineſs, a Maſterpiece,—I ſhall be taken up for this.——

QUID.

Shall ye?

PAMPH.

As ſure as a Gun I ſhall,—I know the Bookſeller's a Rogue, and will give me up.

QUID.

But pray now what ſhall you get by being taken up?

PAMPH.

I'll tell you—(*whiſpers*) in order to make me hold my Tongue.

QUID.

Ay, but you won't hold your Tongue for all that.

PAMPH.

Po, po, not a Jot of that,—abuſe 'em the next Day.

QUID.

Well, well, I wiſh you Succeſs,—but do you hear no News? have you ſeen the *Gazette?*

PAMPH.

Yes, I've ſeen that,—great News, Mr. *Quidnunc*,—but harkye!—(*whiſpers*) and kiſs Hands next week.

QUID.

Ay!

PAMPH.

Certain.

QUID.

Nothing permanent in this World.——

PAMPH.

All is Vanity.——

QUID.

Ups and Downs.——

PAMPH.

Ins and Outs.——

QUID.

Wheels within Wheels.——

PAMPH.

No Smoak without Fire.

QUID.

All's well that Ends well.

Each in deep Thought without looking at the other.

PAMPH.

PAMPH.

It will laſt our Time.

QUID.

Whoever lives to ſee it, will know more of the Matter.

PAMPH.

Time will tell all.

QUID.

Ay, we muſt leave all to the Determination of Time. Mr. *Pamphlet*, I'm heartily oblig'd to you for this Viſit,—I love you better than any Man in *England*.

PAMPH.

And for my part Mr. *Quidnunc*,—I love you better than I do *England* itſelf.

QUID.

That's kind, that's kind,—there's nothing I would not do Mr. *Pamphlet*, to ſerve you.

PAMPH.

Mr. *Quidnunc*, I know you're a Man of Integrity and Honour,—I know you are,—and now ſince we have open'd our Hearts, there is a Thing Mr. *Quidnunc*, in which you can ſerve me,—you know, Sir,—this is in the Fullneſs of our Hearts,—you know you have my Note for a Trifle,—hard dealing with Aſſignees, now, could not you to ſerve a Friend, could not you throw that Note into the Fire?

QUID.

Hey! but would that be honeſt?

PAMPH.

Leave that to me, a refin'd Stroke of Policy,—Papers have been deſtroyed in all Governments.

QUID.

So they have,—it ſhall be done, it will be political, it will indeed.—Pray now Mr. *Pamphlet*, what do you take to be the true political Balance of Power?

PAMPH.

What do I take to be the Balance of Power?

QUID.

Ay, the Balance of Power.

PAMPH.

PAMPH.

The Balance of Power is,—what do I take to be the Balance of Power,—the Balance of Power (*ſhuts his Eyes*) what do I take to be the Balance of Power?

QUID.

The Balance of Power, I take to be, when the Court of Aldermen ſits.

PAMPH.

No, no,—

QUID.

Yes, yes.—

PAMPH.

No, no, the Balance of Power is when the Foundations of Government and the Superſtructures are natural.

QUID.

How d'ye mean natural?

PAMPH.

Prithee be quiet Man,—this is the Language.—The Balance of Power is—when the Superſtructures are reduc'd to proper Balances, or when the Balances are not reduc'd to unnatural Superſtructures.

QUID.

Po, po, I tell you it is when the Fortifications of *Dunquerque* are demoliſh'd.——

PAMPH.

But I tell you Mr. *Quidnunc*.——

QUID.

I ſay Mr. *Pamphlet*.——

PAMPH.

Hear me Mr. *Quidnunc*.

QUID

Give me Leave Mr. *Pamphlet*.——

PAMPH.

I muſt obſerve, Sir,——

QUID.

I am convinc'd Sir.——

PAMPH.

That the Balance of Power——

QUID.

That the Fortifications at *Dunquerque*.

Both in a Paſſion.

PAMPH.

PAMPH.

Depends upon the Balances and Superſtructures.——

QUID.

Conſtitute the true Political Equilibrium.———

PAMPH.

Nor will I converſe with a Man———

QUID.

And Sir, I never deſire to ſee your Face,———

PAMPH.

Of ſuch anti-conſtitutional Principles.———

QUID.

Nor the Face of any Man who is ſuch a *Frenchman* in his Heart, and has ſuch Notions of the Balance of Power. [*Exeunt.*

QUIDNUNC (*Re-enters.*)

Ay, I've found him out,——ſuch abominable Principles, I never deſire to converſe with any Man of his Notions,—no, never while I live.——

Re-enter PAMPHLET.

PAMPH.

Mr. *Quidnunc*, one Word with you if you pleaſe.

QUID.

Sir, I never deſire to ſee your Face.———

PAMPH.

My Property, Mr. *Quidnunc*,——I ſhan't leave my Property in the Houſe of a Bankrupt, (*twiſting his Handkerchief round his Arm*) a ſilly, empty, incomprehenſible Blockhead.

QUID.

Blockhead! Mr. *Pamphlet*.——

PAMPH.

A Blockhead to uſe me thus, when I have you ſo much in my Power.——

QUID.

In your Power!

PAMPH.

In my Power, Sir,—it's in my Power to hang you.

QUID.

To hang me!

PAMPH.

PAMPH.

Yes, Sir; to hang you——(*drawing on his Coat*) Did not you propoſe, but this Moment, did not you deſire me to combine and confederate to burn a Note, and defraud your Creditors——

QUID.

I deſire it!

PAMPH.

Yes, Mr. *Quidnunc*, but I ſhall detect you to the World. I'll give your Character.——You ſhall have a Six-penny touch next Week.

Flebit et inſignis totâ cantabitur urbe. [*Exit* Pamphlet.

QUID.

Mercy on me, there's the Effect of his anti-conſtitutional Principles.—The Spirit of his whole Party, I never deſire to exchange another Word with him.

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERM.

Here's a Pother indeed!—did you call me?

QUID.

No, you Trollop, no.——

TERM.

Will you go to Bed?

QUID.

No, no, no, no,—I tell you, no.

TERM.

Better to go to Reſt, Sir;——I heard a Doctor of Phyſic ſay as how, when a Man is paſt his grand CRIME,—what the *Deuce* makes forget my Word?——his Grand CRIME-HYSTERIC, nothing is ſo good againſt *Indiſcompoſitions* as Reſt taken in its *prudiſh natalibus*.—

QUID.

Hold your Prating,——I'll not go to Bed, I'll ſtep to my Brother *Feeble*, I want to have ſome Talk with him, and I'll go to him directly. [*Exit* Quidnunc.

TERM.

Go thy ways for an old *Hocus-pocus* of a News-monger——You'll have good Luck if you find your Daughter here when you come back, Mr. *Bellmour* will be here in the Intrim, and if he does not carry her off why

why then I ſhall think him a mere *ſhilly ſhally Feller*; and by my Troth I ſhall think him as bad a *Politiſhing* as yourſelf.—Well, as I live and breathe, I wonders what the *Dickens* the Man ſees in theſe News-Papers to be for ever *toxicated* with them—Let me ſee one of them, to try if I can *veſtigate* any thing—(*takes the News Paper and reads.*)

" Yeſterday at Noon arrived at his Lodgings in *Pall-*
" *Mall*, *John Stukely*, Eſq; for the Remainder of the
" Winter-Seaſon,"———

Where the *Dewil* has the Man been?—who knows him, or cares a minikin Pin about him?—He may go to *Jericho* for what I cares.———

" The ſame Day, Mr. *William Tabby*, an eminent
" Man-Milliner was married to Miſs *Jenkins*, Daughter
" of Mr. *Jenkins*, a conſiderable *Harberdaſher* in Bear-
" binder Lane."———

What the *Dickins* is this to me?—can't Miſs *Jenkins* and her Man-Milliner go to bed, and hold their Tongues?—why muſt they kiſs and tell?

" By advices from *Violenna*—this is *Policies* now—(*reads to herſelf*)—" and promiſes a general Peace."——Why can't that make the old Curmudgeon happy?—

" By letters from Paris"—this is more Policies—(*reads to herſelf*) " and all ſeems tending to a general Rupture."—What the *Dewil* does the *Feller* mean?—Did not he tell me this moment there was to be Peace, and now its bloody News again—To go to tell me ſuch an impudent Lie to my Face!

" At the Academy in *Eſſex-ſtreet*, Grown People are
" taught to *dance*.—

Grown People are taught to dance—I likes that well enough—I ſhould like to be *betterer* in my dancing—I likes the *Figerre* of a *Minute* as well as a *Figerre* in Speech—(*dances and ſings*) But ſuch *Trumpry* as the News is, with Kings, and Cheeſemongers, and Biſhops, and *Highwayrman*, and Ladies Prayer-Books, and Lap-Dogs, and the *Domodary* and *Camomile*, and Ambaſſadors, and Hair-Cutters, all *higgledy piggledy* together———As I hope for *Marcy* I'll never read another Paper—and I wiſhes old *Quidnunc* would do the ſame—if the Man would do as I do, there would be ſome Senſe in it,—if inſtead of his Policies, he would *manure* his Mind like me, and read good *Altars*, and

improve himſelf in fine *Langidge*, and *Bombaſt*, and *polite Accolliſhments*.—— [*Exit ſinging.*

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter BELLMOUR, ROVEWELL *and* BRISK, *in Liquor.*

BELL.

Women ever were, and ever will be fantaſtic Beings, vain, capricious, and fond of Miſchief ——

BRISK.

Well argued, Maſter.

ROVEWELL. *(ſings.)*

Deceit is in every Woman,
But none in a Bumper can be my brave Boys.
But none in a Bumper can be.

BELL.

To be inſulted thus, with ſuch a contemptuous Anſwer to a Meſſage of ſuch tender Import, ſhe might methinks at leaſt have treated me with good Manners, if not with a more grateful Return.——

ROVE.

Split her Manners, let's go and drink t'other Bumper to drown Sorrow.

BELL.

I'll ſhake off her Fetters,—I will *Briſk*, this very Night I will.—

BRISK.

That's right, Maſter, and let her know we have found her out, and as the Poet ſays,

'*She that will not when ſhe may,*
'*When ſhe will, ſhe ſhall have nay*, Maſter.

BELL.

Very true, *Briſk*, very true,—the Ingratitude of it touches to the quick,—my dear *Rovewell*, only come and ſee me take a final Leave.—

ROVE.

No truly, not I, none of your virtuous Minxes for me, I'll ſet you down there, if you've a mind to play the Fool.—I know ſhe'll melt you with a Tear, and make a Puppy of you with a Smile, and ſo I'll not be Witneſs to it.

BELL.

You're quite miſtaken, I aſſure you,—you'll ſee me moſt manfully upbraid her with her Ingratitude, and with more Joy than a fugitive Galley Slave, eſcape from the Oar, to which I have been chain'd.—

BRISK.

BRISK.

Maſter, Maſter, now's our Time, for look by the Glimmering of yonder Lamp, who comes along by the Wall there.—

BELL.

Her Father, by all that's Lucky,—my dear *Rovewell*, let's drive off.

ROVE.

I'll ſpeak to him for you, Man—

BELL.

Not for the World—prithee come along— [*Exeunt.*

Enter QUIDNUNC, *with a dark Lanthorn.*

QUID.

If the Grand *Turk* ſhould actually commence open Hoſtility, and the *Houſe-bug Tartars* make a Diverſion upon the Frontiers, why then it's my Opinion— Time will diſcover to us a great deal more of the Matter.

WATCH *(within.)*

Paſt Eleven o'Clock, a Cloudy Night.

QUID.

Hey! paſt Eleven o'Clock,—'Sbodikins, my Brother *Feeble* will be gone to Bed,—but he ſhan't ſleep till I have ſome Chat with him,—Hark'ye Watchman, Watchman.

Enter WATCHMAN.

WATCH.

Call, Maſter.

QUID.

Ay, ſtep hither, ſtep hither,—have you heard any News?

WATCH.

News, Maſter!

QUID.

Ay, about the *Pruſſians* or the *Ruſſians?*

WATCH.

Ruffians, Maſter.

QUID.

Yes, or the Movements in *Pomerania?*

WATCH.

La, Maſter, I knows nothing——poor Gentleman (*pointing to his Head*) Good Night to you Maſter,—paſt Eleven o'Clock. [*Exit* Watchman.

QUID.

That Man now has a Place under the Government, and

he won't ſpeak. But I'm loſing Time (*knocks at the Door*) Hazy Weather (*looking up.*) The Wind's fix'd in that Quarter, and we ſhan't have any Mails this Week to come,—come about good Wind, do, come about.

Enter a Servant Maid.

MAID.

La, Sir, is it you?

QUID.

Is your Maſter at home, Child?

MAID.

Gone to Bed, Sir.

QUID.

Well, well, I'll ſtep up to him.

MAID.

Muſt not diſturb him for the World, Sir.——

QUID.

Buſineſs of the utmoſt Importance.——

MAID.

Pray conſider, Sir, my Maſter an't well.——

QUID.

Prithee, be quiet Woman; I muſt ſee him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Room in* FEEBLE'*s Houſe.*

Enter FEEBLE, *in his Night Gown.*

FEEB.

I was juſt ſtepping into Bed;——bleſs my Heart what can this Man want?——I know his Voice,——I hope no new Misfortune brings him at this Hour.

QUID.

Hold your Tongue, you fooliſh Huſſey,——he'll be glad to ſee me.——Brother *Feeble*,——Brother *Feeble*, (*within.*)

FEEB.

What can be the Matter?

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUID.

Brother *Feeble*, I give you Joy,—the *Nabob*'s demoliſh'd, (*ſings*) Britons *ſtrike home, revenge*, &c.

FEEB.

Lackaday, Mr. *Quidnunc*, how can you ſerve me thus?

QUID.

Suraja Dowla is no more.

FEEB.

Poor Man! he's ſtark ſtaring mad.——

QUID.

QUID.

Our Men diverted themſelves with killing their Bullocks and their Camels, till they diſlodg'd the Enemy from the Octagon, and the Counterſcarp, and the Bunglo.——

FEEB.

I'll hear the reſt to-morrow Morning,—oh! I'm ready to die.

QUID.

Odſheart Man be of good chear,——the new Nabob, *Jaffier Ally Cawn*, has acceded to a Treaty; and the *Engliſh* Company have got all their Rights in the *Phirmaud* and the *Huſhbulhoorums*.

FEEB.

But dear heart Mr. *Quidnunc*, why am I to be diſturb'd for this?

QUID.

We had but two Seapoys killed, three Chokeys, four Gaul-walls, and two Zemidars. (*ſings*) *Britons never ſhall be Slaves.*

FEEB.

Would not to morrow Morning do as well for this?

QUID.

Light up your Windows, Man, light up your Windows. *Chandernagore* is taken.

FEEB.

Well, well, I'm glad of it—good Night. (*going*)

QUID.

Here, here's the *Gazettee*——.

FEEB.

Oh, I ſhall certainly faint. (*ſits down*)

QUID.

Ay, ay, ſit down, and I'll read it to you, (*Reads*) nay, don't run away——I've more News to tell you, there's an Account from *Williamſburg* in *America*.—the Superintendant of *Indian* affairs—

FEEB.

Dear Sir, dear Sir,——(*avoiding him*)

QUID.

Has ſettled Matters with the *Cherokees*—(*following him*)

FEEB.

Enough, enough,——(*from him*)

QUID.

QUID.

In the ſame manner he did before with the *Catabaws*. (*after him*)

FEEB.

Well, well, your Servant.——(*from him*)

QUID.

So that the back Inhabitants——(*after him*)

FEEB.

I wiſh you'd let me be a quiet Inhabitant in my own Houſe.——

QUID.

So that the back Inhabitants will now be ſecur'd by the *Cherokees* and *Catabaws*.——

FEEB.

You'd better go home, and think of appearing before the Commiſſioners.——

QUID.

Go home! no, no, I'll go and talk the Matter over at our Coffee-houſe.——

FEEB.

Do ſo, do ſo——

QUID.

(*Returning*) Mr. *Feeble*,——I had a Diſpute about the Balance of Power,——pray now can you tell——

FEEB.

I know nothing of the Matter——

QUID.

Well, another Time will do for that—I have a great deal to ſay about that (*going, returns*) right, I had like to have forgot, there's an Erratum in the laſt *Gazette*.——

FEEB.

With all my Heart——

QUID.

Page 3d, Line 1, Col. 1ſt, and 3d, for *Bombs* read *Booms*.

FEEB.

Read what you will——

QUID.

Nay, but that alters the Senſe, you know,—well, now your Servant. If I hear any more News I'll come and tell you.——

FEEB.

For Heaven's Sake no more——

QUID.

QUID.

I'll be with you before you're out of your firſt Sleep—

FEEB.

Good-night, Good-night———— [*Runs off.*

QUID.

I forgot to tell you—the Emperor of *Morocco* is dead—(*bawling after him*) ſo——now I've made him happy——I'll go and knock up my Friend *Razor*, and make him happy too;——and then I'll go and ſee if any Body's up at the Coffee-houſes,——and make them all happy there too:—[*Exit* Quidnunc.

SCENE, *The* UPHOLSTERER'S *Houſe.*

Enter HARRIET *and* BELLMOUR.

HAR.

Mr. *Bellmour*, pray Sir,—I deſire, Sir, you'll not follow me from Room to Room———

BELL.

Indulge me but a Moment———

HAR.

No, Mr. *Bellmour*, I've ſeen too much of your Temper, I'm touch'd beyond all enduring by your unmanly Treatment.

BELL.

Unmanly, Madam!

HAR.

Unmanly, Sir,—To preſume upon the Misfortunes of my Family, and inſult me with the formidable Menaces, that, "truly you have done; you'll be no more a Slave "to me." Oh fy, Mr. *Bellmour*, I did not think a Gentleman capable of it——

BELL.

But you won't conſider——

HAR.

—Sir, I wou'd have Mr. *Bellmour* to underſtand, that though my Father's Circumſtances are embarraſſed, I have ſtill an Uncle, who can, and will, place me in a State of Affluence, in which, Sir, your Declarations———

BELL.

But, my dear Ma'am———

HAR.

HAR.

And take this too with you, Sir, that I have Spirit enough to reſent an Indelicacy, nor will I bear ill Uſage from any Man in *England*.

[*Exit ſlapping the Door after her.*

BELL.

Well, but my dear *Harriet*, hear me but a Moment—'tis mighty well, you have freed me from your Chains, I aſſure you—Your Buſineſs is done with me, I promiſe you——and ſo adieu to this Houſe for ever——(*going, returns*) Methinks though, we might part upon gentler Terms——Perverſe and obſtinate!——ay, its all her own Fault. To treat me thus when ſhe knew my Heart was fixed upon her! Her eternal Coquetting——her haughty Airs, her tormenting me with continual Jealouſy—Her—her—her lovely Eyes—her Shape—her Mien—her delicate Senſibility—her—hey!—what the duce am I at? a downright amorous Puppy, by *Jupiter*?—I was running over a Liſt of her Faults, and I find myſelf gloating on her Perfections—ſhe's a ſweet Girl, that's the Truth of it (*Knocks at the Door*) *Harriet*, *Harriet*—will you open the Door?—I intreat you do it—on my Knees I beg it—(*Kneels*)—will you?—ſdeath! what a ſneaking Raſcal am I?—I'll cringe and whine no more (*going, returns, knocks again*) will you open it?—very well, Ma'am, it's very well—Damnation——— [*Exit* Bellmour.

Enter HARRIET.

HAR.

Bleſs my Heart—what have I done!—I hope he is not gone, a barbarous Man, to go ſo eaſily when he ought to take no Denial, but lie on the Ground ſtill imploring and beſeeching,—as I am a living Soul, here he comes again.

[*Exit* Harriet *and ſhuts the Door.*

Enter BELLMOUR.

BELL.

No, ſhe won't open it—I muſt not go in this manner—(*goes and peeps thro' the Key-hole*) poor, dear, lovely Angel! By Heaven, ſhe's bath'd in Tears (*knocks*) *Harriet*, *Harriet*—won't you open the Door? I ſhan't ſtir from this Spot unleſs you open it———

Enter

Enter HARRIET.

HAR.

Mr. *Bellmour*, I wonder at you, Sir,—upon my Word, Sir, your Viſit becomes troubleſome at this Time of Night.

BELL.

My deareſt *Harriet*, they were haſty Words, and if you will only conſider the Provocation I had——

HAR.

The Provocation, Mr. *Bellmour!*

BELL.

I'll leave it to yourſelf—was this an Anſwer to a Meſſage ſo fondly paſſionate as mine—look at it yourſelf and judge——

HAR.

This Card, Sir!—this is my Maid's writing——

BELL.

Yes Ma'am!—I know it is—and that's the very Circumſtance that aggravates——I thought at leaſt my Letter deſerved an Anſwer from yourſelf, without making your Maid affront me—my Doom I might at leaſt expect from a more delicate Hand—from that Hand—whoſe Touch I once could buy with Life itſelf——

HAR.

Well, Mr. *Bellmour*, I now muſt both pity and laugh at you—This Card, Sir, was never ſent by me——

BELL.

No, Ma'am! here *Briſk*, *Briſk*—this is ſome of that Hang-dog's Doings—*Briſk*——

Enter BRISK *and* TERMAGANT.

BRISK.

Did you call, Sir?

BELL.

Did not you deliver me this Card, Sir?

BRISK.

That Card, Sir?—yes, Sir,—I delivered that Card, Sir—What can be the Matter now? (*aſide.*)

TERM.

And, Ma'am, I'll be *perjur'd* that I deliver'd him the ſame *invidious Article* of Mattter you gave me——

HAR.

And is Mr. *Bellmour* ſo blind that he can't ſee through this? Pray *Termagant*, did not you write a Card to *Briſk*?

TERM.

Why really, Ma'am, I've as little *Antipathy* for *Fellers* as the beſt She in *England*, but I muſt confeſs, Ma'am, I did *invite* a Line to him—For there has been a '*Moor* between us, Ma'am, that I won't go to deny—I muſt needs *gainſay* it. —— If a Man is *diſaffectious* of me, Ma'am, I'm ſure I'm not to blame, if I have a little *Symphony* for him—I have not put my Name to it, Ma'am, though it is not quite a *ſynonimous* Letter neither—I put the firſt Names that accrued to me, Ma'am—they are the ſame *fictatious* Names Mr. *Bellmour* and you have made uſe of ———

HAR.

Why ſo I ſee, *Termagant*, and a curious Billet-doux it is, (*reads*) "*Sigiſmondays* Compliments waits on Mr. "*Tankard*, ſhe is full of *Mazement*, how he can give "himſelf ſuch an *Attitude* in his '*Moors*—ſhe knows her "own *Demerrit* better than to be *concarned* with one who "is a *Nanny-Goat* againſt Love, and this is her laſt *Ir-* "*reſolution.*"—And could Mr. *Bellmour* imagine this was intended for him, by me?

BELL.

Death and Confuſion!—What cou'd I think, Ma'am? Blockhead, Raſcal!——— (*to his Man.*)

BRISK.

Sir!

BELL.

How dare you, Sirrah, give me this Scrawl?

BRISK.

Sir!

TERM.

That's my *Billydore* to him, ſure enough.

BRISK.

Upon my Life, Sir———

BELL.

Where's the other Card, Raſcal?

BRISK.

BRISK.

Upon my Soul, Sir, I mean't no Harm—Sir,—Here it is, Sir, —— take this Sir,——Maſter, (*in a low Voice*) you know I can't read?——Pray Sir, don't expoſe me.

BELL.

And muſt I be made unhappy, Raſcal, becauſe you can't read?——

TERM.

Not able to read?——the fine Mr. *Briſk* not able to read —ha, ha, ha,—well, for my part, I deſpiſes a Man that is not a *Schollard* and *illiterate*.

BRISK.

Pox take it, it muſt come out——Why, Sir, that's my Misfortune——I cou'd not read, Sir, and I put one in this Pocket, and one in this, and then, Sir, I did not know which was which—but you're very welcome, Sir, if you like that better——

BELL.

(*Reads*) "To a Love ſo delicate of Sentiment, it were "Stupidity to remain any longer inſenſible; and it would "be an inexcuſable Prudery to conceal the Tenderneſs of "Deſire with which my Heart has long fluttered to reſign "itſelf to ſuch Truth and Conſtancy." My dear *Harriet*, on my Knees I beg Forgiveneſs for the Blindneſs of my Paſſion,—(*kneels*) and intreat you ſuffer me to convey you hence far from your Father's Roof,—where we may join at length in thoſe Bonds of Happineſs, of which we have long cheriſh'd the lov'd Idea. What ſay you, *Harriet?*

HAR.

I don't know what to ſay—my Heart's at my very Mouth—why don't you take me then?

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUID.

Fie upon it, fie upon it—all the Coffee houſes ſhut up—how could they ſhut up ſo ſoon when they had ſuch great News—Hey! what the duce have we here! the Enemy in our very Camp.

HAR.

O lud! What's to be done now?

BELL.

Don't be frighten'd *Harriet*, —I'll amuſe him with a Piece of News ———

QUID.

Pray, Sir, what are you doing here in my Houſe?

BELL.

Pray, Sir, have you heard the News?

QUID.

Is there any News, Sir?

BELL.

Very great.

QUID.

Let's hear, let's hear, let's hear, get out of the Room you Baggages,—get you into your Cloſet, *Harriet*,—and get you down Stairs, you Baggage, and let me hear the News, (*turns her out*) well, well.

BELL.

I'll tell you, Sir,—the Conſumers of Oats are to meet next Week.

QUID.

The Conſumers of Oats!

BELL.

The Conſumers of Oats, Sir,—I came on purpoſe to tell you.

QUID.

That's kind, that's kind,——what can it be upon? does nothing tranſpire?

BELL.

A profound Secret.———

QUID.

Ay, and ſo it has been for twenty Years, the Conſumers of Oats have been meeting any Time theſe twenty Years to my Knowledge, and I could never learn what they are about,——their Negotiations I believe muſt be left to the Determination of Time.———

BELL.

Their Meeting is occaſioned by an Expreſs from the *Houynhims*.

QUID.

From where? BELL.

BELL.

From the *Houynhims*.——

QUID.

The *Humming Hymns*!——fie upon it, why do I ever go without *Salmon*'s *Gazetter* in my Pocket,—I'll ſtep for the Map, and ſee where the Place lies,—I'm never happy till I know the Latitude and Longitude. [*Exit* Quid.

BELL.

You're right Sir, Geography is neceſſary (*runs to the Cloſet Door*) *Harriet*, *Harriet*,—my dear *Harriet* open the Door, now is the Time.

Enter HARRIET.

HAR.

Bleſs me, Mr. *Bellmour*,—what's the Matter?

BELL.

Away with Scruples, Fortune has given this Moment, and you muſt depend on my Love and my Honour.—I've a Licence in my Pocket and I'll marry you To-morrow Morning, by Heaven's I will.

HAR.

What ſhall I do? I muſt truſt you. (*a loud Rap at the Door*) dear Heart, what can all this mean?

BELL.

Never mind it, but let us fly hence immediately.

(*another Rap*)

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUID.

Hey! what's all this Knocking?——mayhap a Waiter from the Coffee-houſe, with ſome News.

BELL.

My Evil Genius is at work this Night, and all is marr'd again. [*aſide*.

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERM.

O Gimini Gemini! I am all over in ſuch a *Fluſtration*—

QUID.

What's the matter Woman, any thing new?

TERM.

A *rioghteous* Gentle quite *inoculated* with Liquor, knocks at the Street-door, and *axes* me to *except* of a Glaſs of *Wind*,——at which I grew quite vexed and *puſillanimous*—prithee *Feller*, ſays I, we don't want your Company, and ſo be a little more *adjacent*, Friend —— whereof I was ſeized with a *Panegyric*, and I had *divorce* to my Heels, and I ran up Stairs as *dilatory* as I could, and he's coming after me.

BELL.

I'll have him ſent to the Round-houſe,———call in the Watch.

QUID.

Do ſo, I'll go and charge him,—mayhap we may meet a Parliament-man in the Round-houſe to tell us ſome News.

Enter ROVEWELL *drunk.*

ROVE.

Get me a Bowl of Rack, and let the Bed be well air'd —I ſay I will have a Girl———

BELL.

(*draws*) Let me come at him,——Hey! who the Devil have we here? —— *Jack Rovewell*, zounds man, what brings you here?

ROVE.

Who the Devil thought to ha' ſeen you here? I was upon the Look-out for Game ever ſince I ſaw you, and I have juſt ſprung it,——I'll have her by *Jupiter*.——

BELL.

Zookers, Sir, if you would not be of ſervice to me, why wou'd you not keep out of the way.

ROVE.

This ſeems to be but an odd ſort of a Bagnio we have got into here———

QUID.

What does he call my Houſe a Bagnio?

TERM.

I *wiſhes* as how you would take him away——the great He Man! my Fleſh creeps at the very Sight of him—I believes as ſure as any Thing, as how he's a *Highwayman*, and that as how it was he that robbed the *Mail-Bags*.—

QUID.

QUID.

Ay, what rob a Mail, and ſtop all the News,—a vile Fellow away with him,—a Man capable of robbing a Mail, wou'd not ſcruple to rob a Church.——

BELL.

Hold a Moment, I know the Gentleman, he's only a little in Liquor,—zounds, *Revewell*, you've marr'd all my Schemes with your damn'd Doings.——

ROVE.

Bellmour's Girl, by *Jupiter* (*aſide*) I ſay you ſhan't marry her,—and I tell you Mr. *Curmudgeon*, (*going to* Quidnunc) give me leave to tell you old Mr. *Drybeard*,—Hey! (*ſtops and looks at him*) hey! (*turns from him*) my old reverend Father, by my filial Duty—what the Devil ſhall I do now? egad I'm not ſo drunk as I thought I was, he little expects to ſee me, and I'll go thro' with my Frolic. This is no proper Opportunity,—I ſay again you ſhan't marry her—my Siſter as ſure as a Gun, (*aſide*) I'll ſee it out—I ſay you ſhan't marry her.

TERM.

What the *Deevil* do you let him tarry for?—I *wiſhes* he was out of my Sight, and a little more *contiguous* from me.——

QUID.

Away with him,—— but ſearch him firſt, perhaps he has ſome of the Letters belonging to the Mail in his Pocket now.——

ROVE.

I'll let 'em ſearch me, and then all will out——

QUID.

Let me ſee, mayhap there may be ſome News at leaſt—ay, here's Bank Notes,——and here's Letters too——what's this? "To Mr. *Abraham Quidnunc*, Upholſterer, "in the *Strand*." I did live in the Strand ſome ten Years ago.—ſure this is to me,—let's ſee what it is;——Hey! what's this? (*reads*) Honoured Father;—how is it *ſigned*?—

Your dutiful Son,

John Quidnunc.

What can this mean?—What's your Name Friend?

ROVE.

Jack Quidnunc, is my Name.

BELL.

BELL.

Your Name *Jack Quidnunc!* (to *Rovewell.*)

ROVE.

Yes, my Name, —faith this Buſineſs begins to make me ſober, I think—*Quidnunc* is my Name, *Bellmour*; and *Rovewell* was but aſſum'd—That Letter I wrote, Sir, to inform you of my Arrival, and to let you know that I ſhould pay my Reſpects to you To-morrow Morning—but faith, Sir, in my Hurry of Spirits, I forgot to ſend it.—

QUID.

What! and are you returned from the *Weſt-Indies?*

ROVE.

From *Jamaica*, Sir, the Owner of a rich Plantation—

QUID.

What, by ſtudying Politics.——

ROVE.

No, Sir, by a rich Wife, you ſhall know all hereafter.—

QUID.

S'bodikins, I recollect his Face—it is he ſure enough—why there has not been a Word of this in the Papers.

ROVE.

It's even ſo, notwithſtanding, Sir.—Upon my Soul, this Affair has compos'd me ſtrangely. Thus give me leave, Sir, to atteſt at once my Duty and my Joy.

(*kneels.*)

QUID.

Why, you have my Bleſſing, Boy, I am heartily glad to ſee thee—I did not know you again, you're in ſuch a kind of Diſguiſe—mayhap now, you can tell—why you look very well—I'm glad to ſee thee, *Jack*, I am indeed—pray now—mayhap, I ſay, you can tell what the *Spaniards* are doing in the Bay of *Honduras?*

ROVE.

All in good Time, Sir,—my dear *Bellmour* I muſt embrace you; faith the Whimſicalneſs of my Fortune had like to bring about an odd kind of an Adventure,—and make me rob my Father of his Daughter, my Friend of his Miſtreſs, and go to Bed to— my dear Siſter, whom I left a prattling Infant, when I went out of *England*——I muſt embrace you.

HAR.

Tho' your Departure from *England* was too early for my Recollection, yet my Heart feels a ready Inclination to make Acquaintance with you; and I ſhall ever bleſs the Hour that has given to my Father ſo good a Son, to Mr. *Bellmour* ſo warm a Friend, and to me the unexpected Happineſs of a Brother, whom I deſpair'd of ever ſeeing.——

QUID.

Pray now *Jack*, how many Ships of the Line has the Admiral with him?—*a-propos*, that may be in your Letter.—Let me read it.——

ROVE.

You may ſpare yourſelf that Trouble,—it was but to acquaint you with what I ſhall now tell you in Perſon, that ſince I find you are become a voluntary Stateſman, I have a Fortune ſufficient to ſupport you in the Study of Politics for the reſt of your Life.——

QUID.

Have you?—What, and ſhall I have every Thing that comes out?

ROVE.

Every Thing, Sir.——

BELL.

And Sir, an Apartment at my Houſe in the Country you ſhall ever command.——

QUID.

No, no, I can't go to the Country,——that is not the Scene of Action.——

BELL.

You ſhall have all the Papers down there.——

QUID.

Shall I?——but are there any Coffee-houſes in your Neighbourhood in the Country?

BELL.

Several!

QUID.

And are there any Politicians there?

BELL.

Swarms of 'em, there's the Curate, and the Juſtice of

the *Quorum*, and an Exciſeman, and a yellow Admiral, and an Attorney, and an———

QUID.

Ay!—why then that will do—that will do—(*going, returns*) but d'ye hear—I won't go into the Country till the Houſe is adjourn'd.

ROVE.

Even as you pleaſe, Sir,———and in the mean time the greateſt Favour you can confer upon me, is to give away this Lady to my Friend *Bellmour*—

QUID.

Why, ſince I find he knows ſo much of the Matter, I could find in my Heart to accede to the Treaty; here, here, take her———but ſhould not all this be in the Papers?—I'll go and tell 'em the News myſelf.

[*Exit* Quidnunc.

TERM.

(*Looking earneſtly at* Rovewell) My Stars and Garters! what a ſudden *Evolution* here is in Things? *fakins*, now I looks at him again, I does not believe he is a *Highwarman*——By my Troth, the young Gentleman has a *Jeu ſcai* about him that I likes well enough, and I could find it in my Heart to make him an *Advowſon* of my Love, and *calcine* my Perſon to him.

ROVE.

Prithee *Bellmour*, how long has my Father had this Turn?

HAR.

Since the laſt Rebellion; ſince which there has not been an Affair of any Importance in *Europe* but he has taken a conſiderable Share in it——while his own Affairs have been mouldering into Ruin—

BELL.

But henceforward all Volunteers in Politics ſhould take Warning from his Example, before they concern themſelves about the Balance of *Europe*, to have ſome Care of the Balance of their Accounts. The firſt Step towards being a good Citizen, is to be a good Man, and to act with Propriety in the various Relations of Life——and if every

one in the Kingdom would reſolve upon the ſame, the Nation in general would ſoon feel the Benefit of it.

Then ſhou'd not ſigh the Stateſman of Cheapſide,
For Poland's *Queen—while he neglects his Bride;*
Then needy Shopkeepers no more ſhould meet,
To roaſt a Miniſter—yet want to eat;
Nor ſhou'd th' Upholſt'rer *ſlight his Daughter's Cauſe,*
For Nabobs, Cherokees, *and* Catabaws:
But Virtue then, the State's enliv'ning Soul,
Should riſe from Individuals to the Whole.
The balanc'd Paſſions due Proportion bear,
And every Harriet *find a Father's Care.*

FINIS.

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